



Party!

Hello Kitty

Callie

Love

ROXZINE

2019

CUTIE



FOREWORD

"This is amazing. Over 100 artists and all of them either writing or drawing to show their passion for roxy. Im just amazed by all the hard work everyone put into this zine. All artists or writers, all skill levels, all backgrounds, all amazing. Thank you so much to them for taking part of this and i hope you, the reader enjoy this just as much as i do."

- Mxravioli (Tumblr), Co-creator

"I thought I was just helping out a friend to achieve a project they conceived-- and I was happy to volunteer my time and attention purely toward the administrative side of things. I never thought this project would grow into what it did. I'm happy to be able to, finally, point at this collection and say: Look! I undertook this endeavor-- and 104 people joined me."

- Deannejello (instagram), Co-creator

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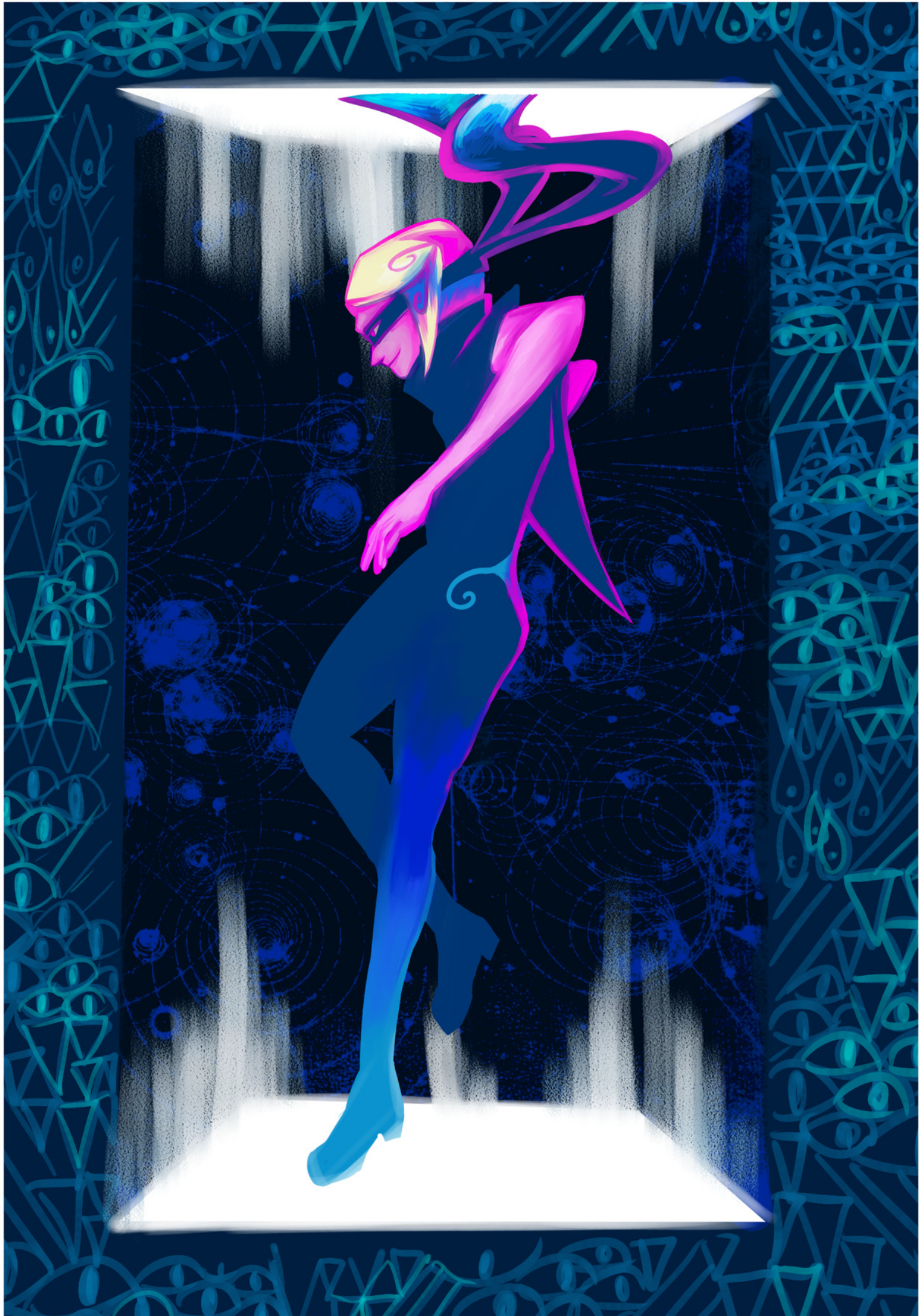
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Roxy!











agk. 11/25/18





Animalistic Myth







Juice





01011001 01101111 01110101 01110010
00100000 01101110 01100001 01101101
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01010011 00101111 00001010















Cosplayer inspo: [@cryincrowns.instagram](https://www.instagram.com/cryincrowns)



Cosplayer inspo: @autviaminvineam.instagram

egg









roxy fashion spread 2019





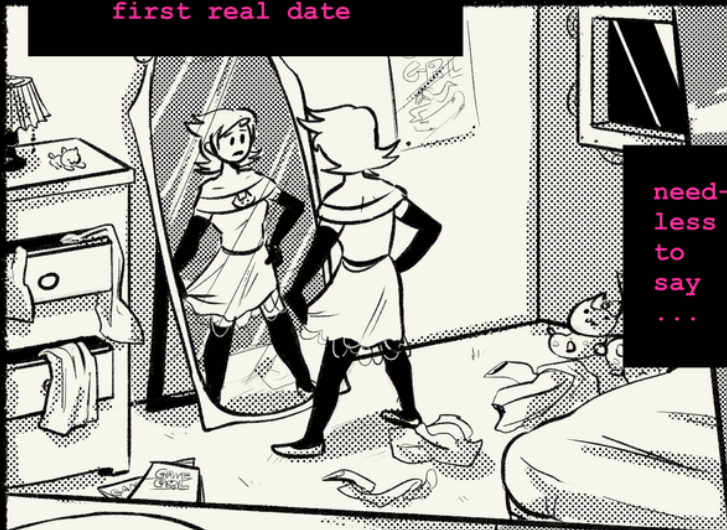


Complacency
is the
Enemy

Goin'
Steady

CRUSTY
BAGEL
BITES
2019

so today is me an callies
first real date



need-
less
to
say
...

im
actually
kinda
nervous!



too much
cleavage?



...
juuustt
enough
cleav-



i'm here!
are yoU on
yoUr way?

7:48pm

yoU said to
be here
by 8pm... u_u

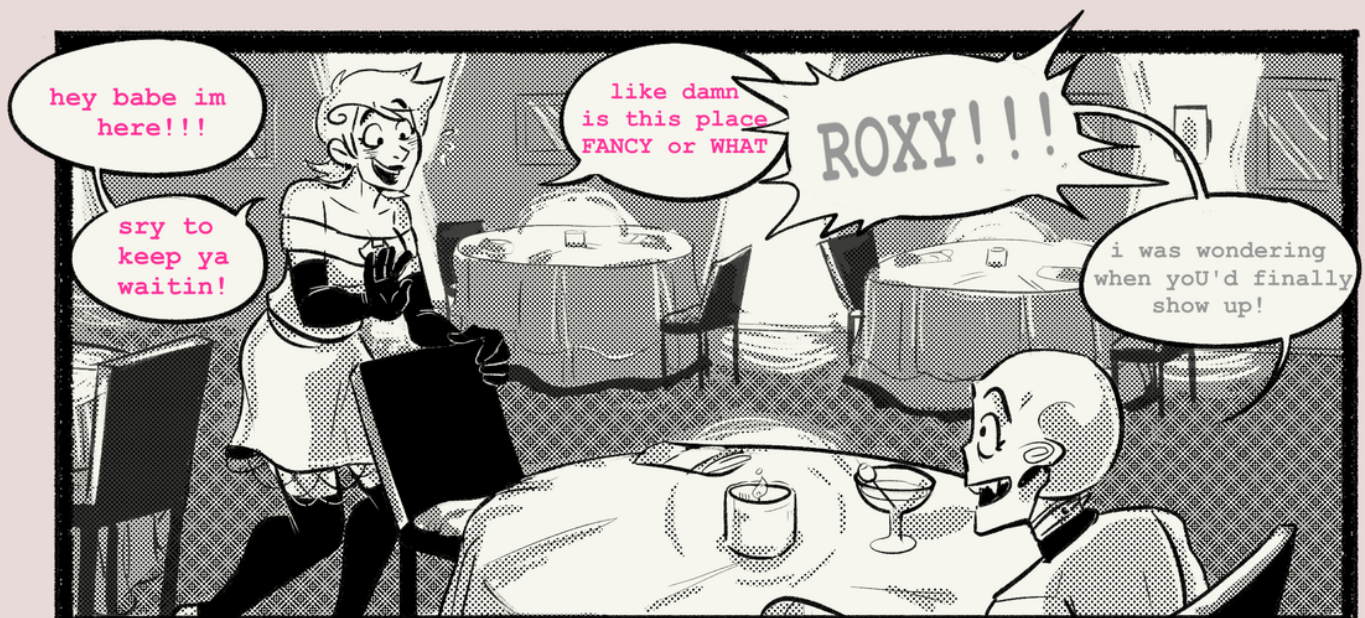
8:15pm

CALLIE HOLY
FUCK!!!!



IM HELLZA
LATE!!!





hey babe im here!!!

sry to keep ya waitin!

like damn is this place FANCY or WHAT

ROXY!!!

i was wondering when you'd finally show up!

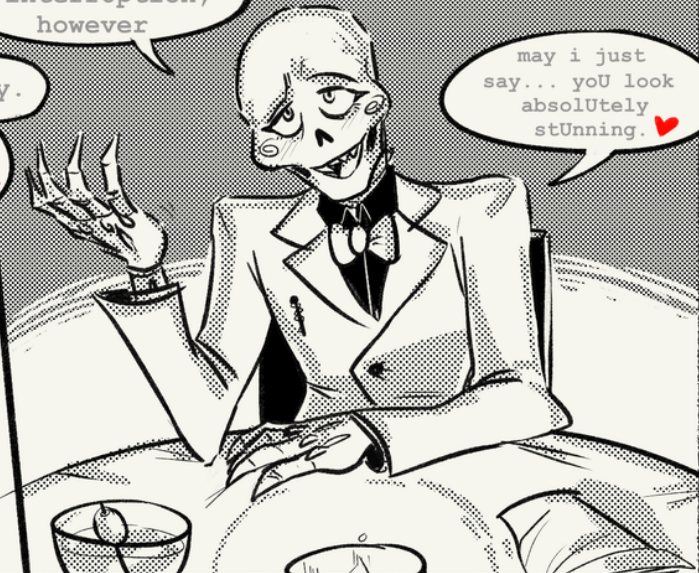


well i was just tryin to look GOOD for this date! couldnt find SHIT to wear yknow?

pardon the interrUption, however

roxy.

guess i lost track of time an-

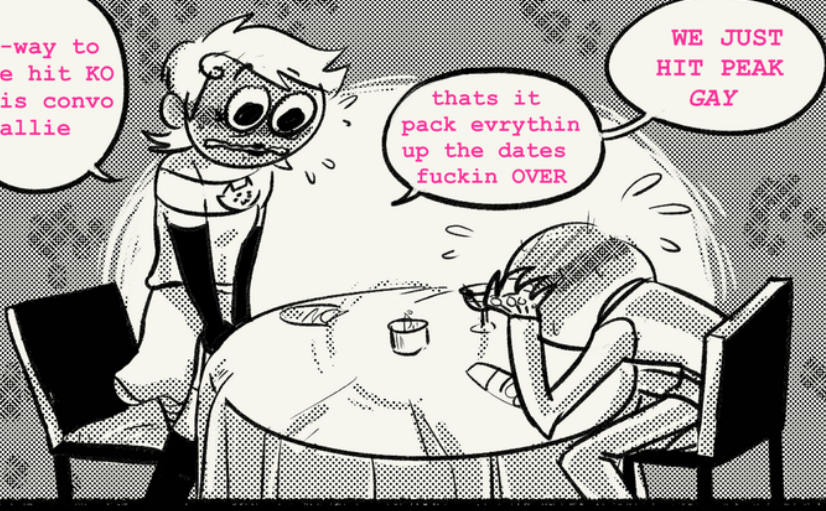


may i just say... you look absolutely stUning. ❤️



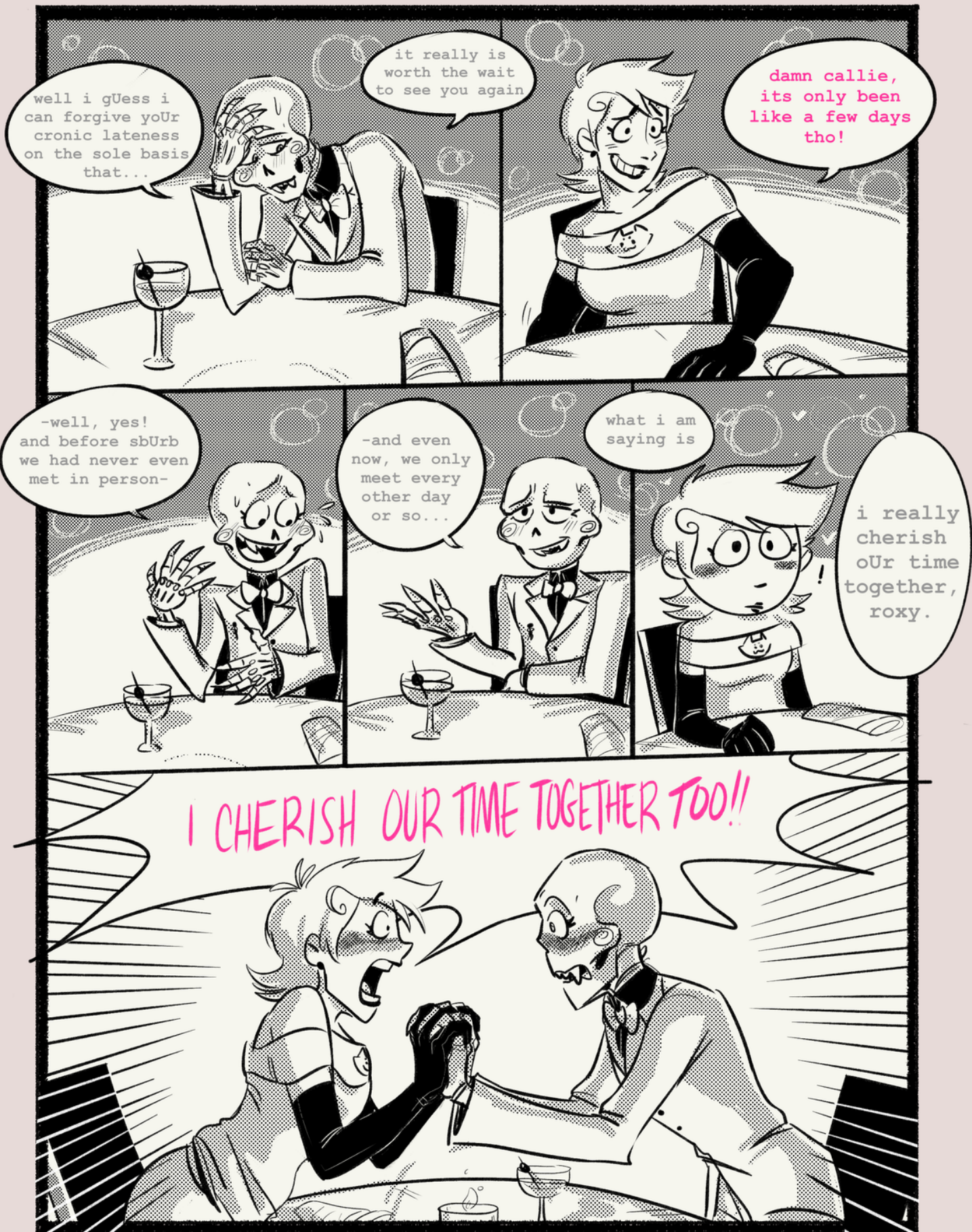
BLUUUUSSHH~!

w-way to one hit KO this convo callie



thats it pack evrythin up the dates fuckin OVER

WE JUST HIT PEAK GAY



oh yea i 4got were
in a fancy ass
restaurant...

WELL

-now tht
were on the
subject.
theres smthin
ive been
meanin to
ask ya
callie

how do ya like.
feel abt the idea of
us... living together?

i didnt wanna like
RUSH into shit

or impede
on your
personal
bounderies

*boundaries

but i like.
LOVE YOU
and i just

i really wanna
spend the rest
of forever with
you, calliope

so i guess. evrythin
worked out in the end!!

ur so
CUTE!

~sorry!!
#

i thought you'd
never ask!!

you big
JERK!!

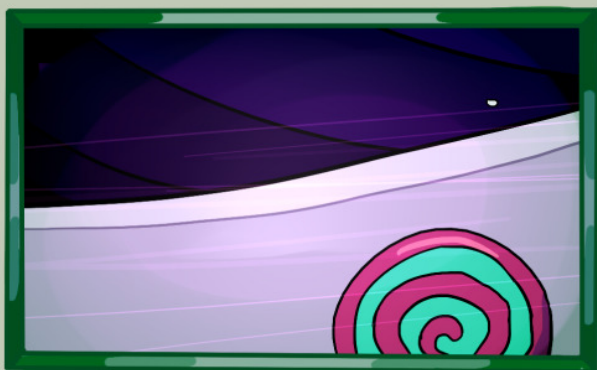
BUT... we did get hella noise
complaints after that...

END

THANKS 4 READIN!









DANGER-
CREATION





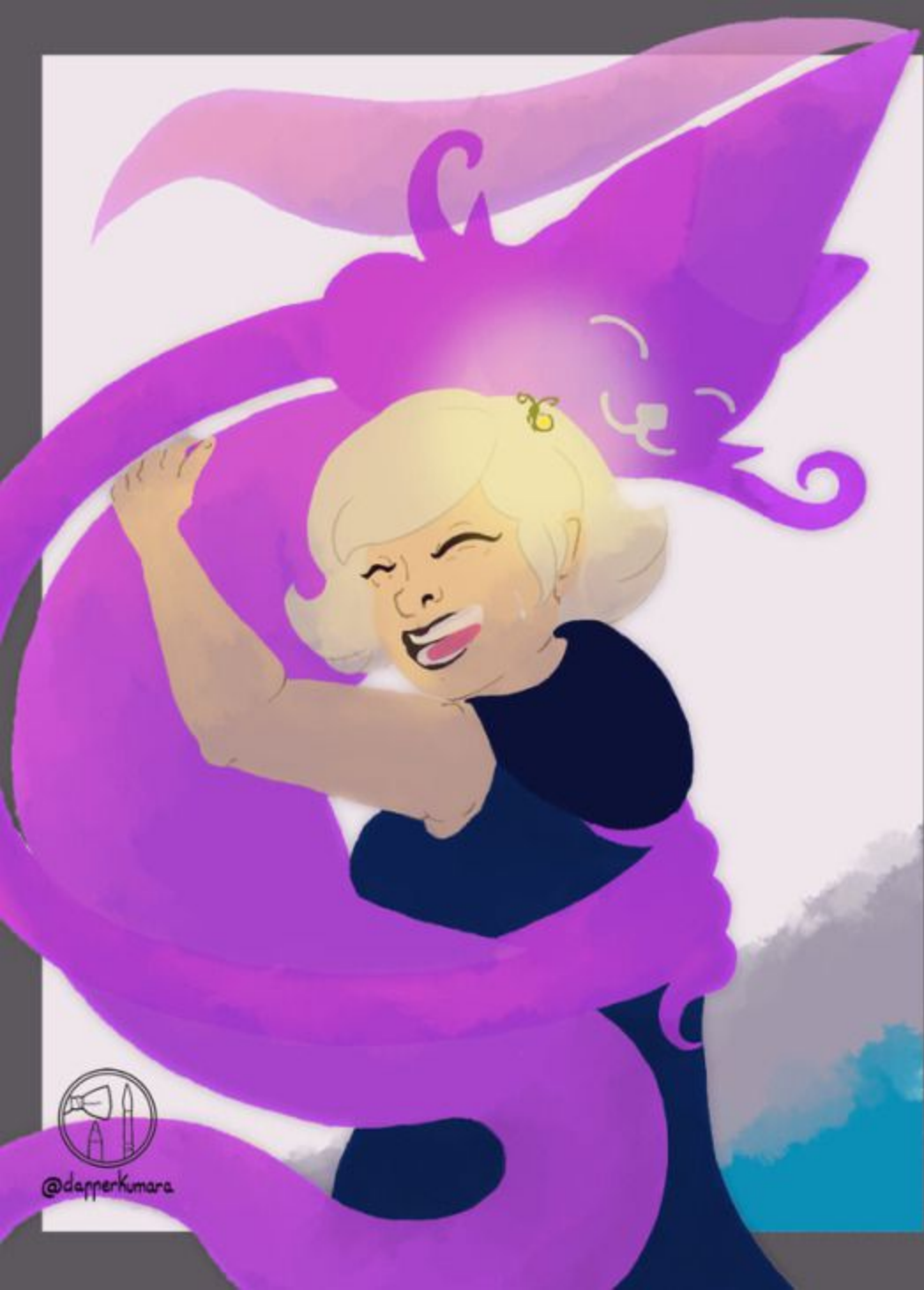










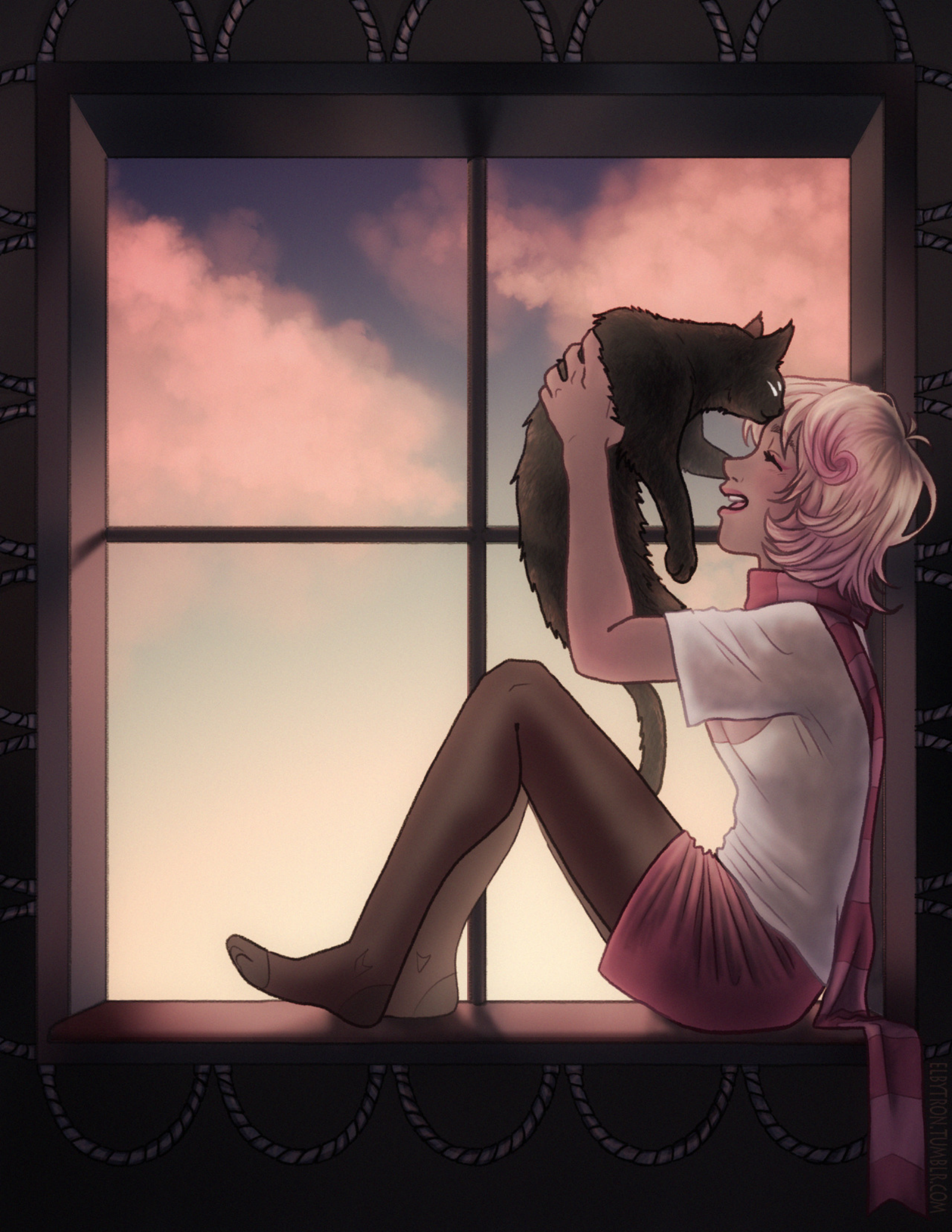


@dapperkumara

















Farolito Draws







ENTER GAME





Adjacent

Fox_Salz

Summary:

In the middle of hide and seek, Roxy ruminates.

Notes:

My piece for the Roxy fanzine! I'm super happy I had the chance to contribute to it, and you should totally check it out, there has been some great stuff so far and that will only continue.

<https://roxzinefanzine.tumblr.com>

(See the end of the work for [more notes](#).)

Work Text:

A nice breeze blew in—a natural one, it felt like, not one of the breath players goofing about. It ruffled her hair and Roxy smiled around the straw in her mouth.

It was a beautiful day, sun bright and warm. Especially up on Dirk's roof. She sipped on the orange juice she totally snagged right out of his hands before jumping out his window and climbing up here. A good drink for a good view, which doubled as a good hiding place.

Roxy scanned the area for any signs of Nepeta. They were playing an intense game of hide and seek; a few months ago Nepeta had found out Roxy had never actually properly played before and since then they'd had almost weekly games, roping in whoever they could. Including people who didn't realize they were playing like Karkat. He screamed every time Nepeta pounced on him. It was hilarious.

She'd seen Nepeta climb the tallest tree and pull Jake down earlier, lunge into a bush and chase out Tavros and Gamzee, heard the crash as she tackled Terezi and sent both of them flying behind a building. Nepeta was a super good hunter, lol.

It still sent a sense of wonderment to see so many living, breathing people—friends—all in one place. If Roxy wanted to hang with someone all she had to do was walk out her front door, no worrying about evil batter drones. If she got a craving she could sweet talk Janey into baking her something special. If she wanted to show off her rad gaming skills she had so many options it was staggering.

For so long Roxy had been basically alone, only companions hungry carapaces, ecto kitty cats, and ghosts of a world she never got to experience. Now her world was filled with people.

It was amazing! Maybe a little claustrophobic, too, if she were honest. Don't get her wrong, it was super fantastic to be able to just walk over and spend time with any or all of her friends (and she had so many cool friends now! And super nerdy ones lol!). But sometimes...sometimes it was overwhelming. Sometimes Roxy just needed a minute watching rather than interacting.

Which was why she'd hopped up on Dirk's roof. To make herself adjacent to the game.

Besides, it was a better hiding spot than most of the other's, lol.

"Tacklepounce!"

Roxy hardly had a second to register that exclamation before a very solid force slammed into her from behind. They toppled towards the edge, glass of OJ flying right off. The only thing saving them from following was a strong arm yanking them back to safety.

"I warned you to be careful, Nepeta."

"I mew you wouldn't let us fall."

"Lol, thanks for the save, dude," Roxy said, turning around as best she could with Nepeta clinging to her.

"Pawxy! Finally," Nepeta huffed. She took a step back, hands on her hips. "Your voidy powers were hiding you from my keen hunter senses. I had to get Equius' help."

He gave a shy wave as Roxy glanced his way.

"Lmao, beaten by the fierce meowrails."

Nepeta flexed, making Roxy laugh, and replied, "Of course! I always get my prey. You just happened to be the very last one."

"Next time you won't even need Equius' help."

"Speaking of me," Equius spoke up, "I'd much prefer to get down from the roof now."

Nepeta scaled down the side of the building no problem, ignoring Equius' mother henning. Roxy snickered as she floated her way down.

Equius and Nepeta were heading back to their shared hive, which wasn't too far from her own house, so she decided to walk with them. They hashed out what they'd watch on their next movie night with Feferi since Fef had chosen last time. Equius gave several suggestions both of them instantly vetoed. But Roxy did hint that Dirk would be down to watch the numerous horse movies with him if he just got up the nerve to ask.

After waving the pair off Roxy slipped inside her cozy abode. Voices drifted from the kitchen and she made her way there, staying in the doorway. Jane and Callie were baking together. There were splotches of flour on Callie's cheek and nose, and some dough caught in Jane's hair. It was super adorbz.

They didn't notice her at first and Roxy kept it that way. She still felt like staying sidelined for a few minutes.

It was fantastic how well Callie got along with everyone. How well she was adapting to being around people when for so long it had just been her computer screen and the brother who shared the same body. It was kinda funny in a not so funny way how so many of them were in similar boats. Jade, Jake, Dirk. Even a lot of the trolls had been isolated in one way or another. Probably something the game specifically orchestrated, she imagined, though she didn't like to dwell on those thoughts. New world, new friends, no more game in control. No more forced isolation or fights for their lives or anything like that. Just figuring each other out all over again.

"What do you think, dear? Mustaches and flying saucer shaped?" Jane asked, jolting Roxy out of her thoughts.

"Oh, yes! Everyone should enjoy those."

Callie was smiling so wide and earnest it was contagious. Her girls were way too cute.

Shifting through a drawer Jane wondered, "Hm. Now where did those cookie cutters go?"

There was Roxy's cue. Lost and found powers activate! Holding her hands facing each other in front of her, Roxy conjured up images of the cookie cutters. Soon enough they appearified and she held them up triumphantly.

"Looking for these, Janey?"

Both heads whipped towards her with such grateful delight it struck her for a moment. As a warmth bloomed in her chest she handed the cookie cutters over to Jane.

"Thank you, Roxy. Just what we needed! Would you like to help us make cookies?"

"Well of course, Janey," Roxy replied, tossing an arm around her shoulders and steering her back towards Callie.

She could step off the sidelines now, sure. Roxy has spent enough time being adjacent to everything. Plus, no way was she going to sit back and just watch her girls make and eat cookies without her, no way. After all there was that old saying. If you feed the void a cookie she'll join the party.

"I'll be the official taste tester."

Callie giggled while Jane huffed good-naturedly and gave her a light shove.

"Just don't try and sneak any of the dough. I have eyes on the back of my head, you know."

"And they're just as pretty as your front ones."

Callie nodded enthusiastically and Janey ducked her head. Way too cute, both of them. Smiling, Roxy snatched the ufo cookie cutter and got to work.



















413 x COMBO!!!



HAPUSHEEN





HAPUSHEEN













404: File Not Found

















@lambposting



@Lambposting

Birthday

By Letsnotdothus

Roxy was alone. She sat alone on the roof, her knees folded underneath her, with her arms on top. She gazed up at the stars, letting her mind drift away and avoiding focusing on anything particular. She hated today. Today was her birthday, and as with every single one preceding it, she was alone. Alone and sad, and tired. She could hear notifications buzzing on her computer from the open window, and she just kept staring ahead. She looked up at the stars, trying to trace the stars and the constellations. She glanced down, over the edge of the roof. She had debated it before, the thought of letting gravity take over, but she couldn't bring herself to do it. She couldn't leave her friends. She couldn't leave Jane, or Jake, or Dirk. She just couldn't. So instead, she just kept on going. She slowly stood up, her toes just barely over the edge, as she took a step back. She should probably see what her friends want. She slips back in through her window, closing it behind her as she sat down at her desk. She opened up her pesterchum, seeing the notifications from her friends pop up. She clicked on the one from Dirk first, as their conversations were fairly short usually.

TT: Yo Roxy.

TT: Happy birthday. Get my gift yet?

[tipsyGnolstagic has joined the chat]

TG: noo, whatd you get mr?

TG: me*

TT: It's a surprise. I guess you'll have to wait for it to show up.

TG: awww, no hints?? ur mean

TT: It's a true predicament. You gotta be patient, Rox.

TG: but i want to kwn what you got meeeee

TG: know*

TT: You'll know when it shows up. Have you talked to Jane yet?

TG: no, not yte. shes bene messagign me fr a while but i answored you first

TG: yet* been* messaging* for* answered*

TT: She's pretty excited to wish you a happy birthday. I'd answer her if I were you.

[timaeusTestified has left the chat.]

She shook her head with a slight smile, knowing that Dirk was just going to message Jake until she got her act together. God, she's been a pretty terrible friend so far, ignoring all of the messages her friends have left her. She clicked on the next chat that was popping up, from Jane.

GG: Hey Rox!

GG: Did my présent show up yet? Also, happy birthday!

[tipsyGnostalgic has joined the chat]

TG: no ones prrsents have gotten here :(

TG: but i know it's gonna be amazing

TG: bc evergthing from you is amazing janey

GG: Aw shucks, that's not true. Thank you though.

TG: ill shoot you a message when the presens show up, okay?

[tipsyGnostalgic has left the chat.]

She sighs, spinning away from herdesk with a push, sending her towards the door. She catches the door and propels herself into the rest of the house, the rest of the huge, empty, lonely house.

The sound of the appearifier brings her to her senses and she run downstairs to see what her friends had gotten her. Jake had sent her another movie poster, and one of his favourite pistols. How he managed the pistol she wasn't sure. From Jane she got a cookbook, but also a nice, handmade scarf. And lastly, from Dirk, she got another book, similar to his Detective Pony book. God, how she loved that book. She sets all of her presents to the side. Today is her birthday, and although it started on a fairly low note, she'd be ending the day with a smile on her face and a happiness in her soul.



Liphoeryx





Matchadoobles









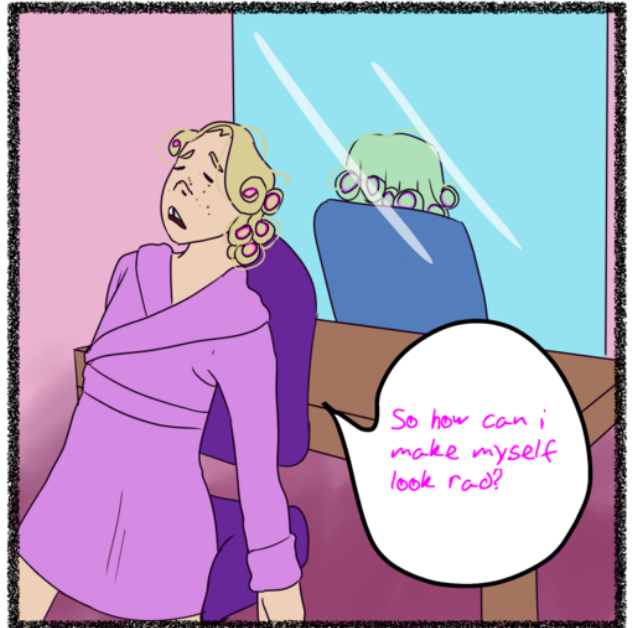
Natural Fighter

There's no one left to hold you to feminine gender roles. If you wanted to have your ass out in public no one cares



yeah, youre right. but i still want to have hot pink eyelids

Cool.



So how can i make myself look rad?

no idea, see if a youtube video still exists?

DIRK YOU GENIUS!!!



Natural Fighter



NOVARIDIUM





DAVEED
STRIDER

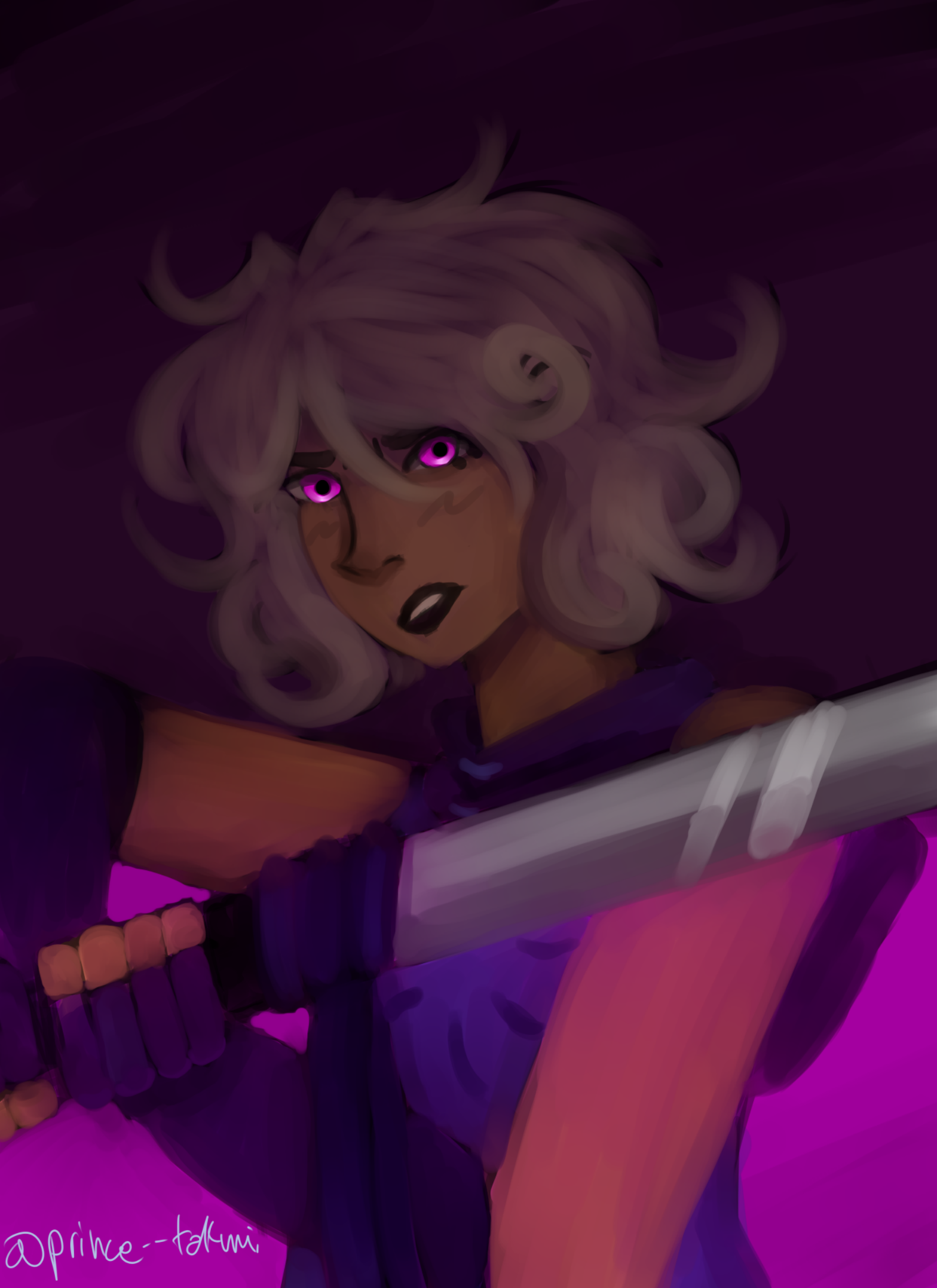




palemance@tumblr



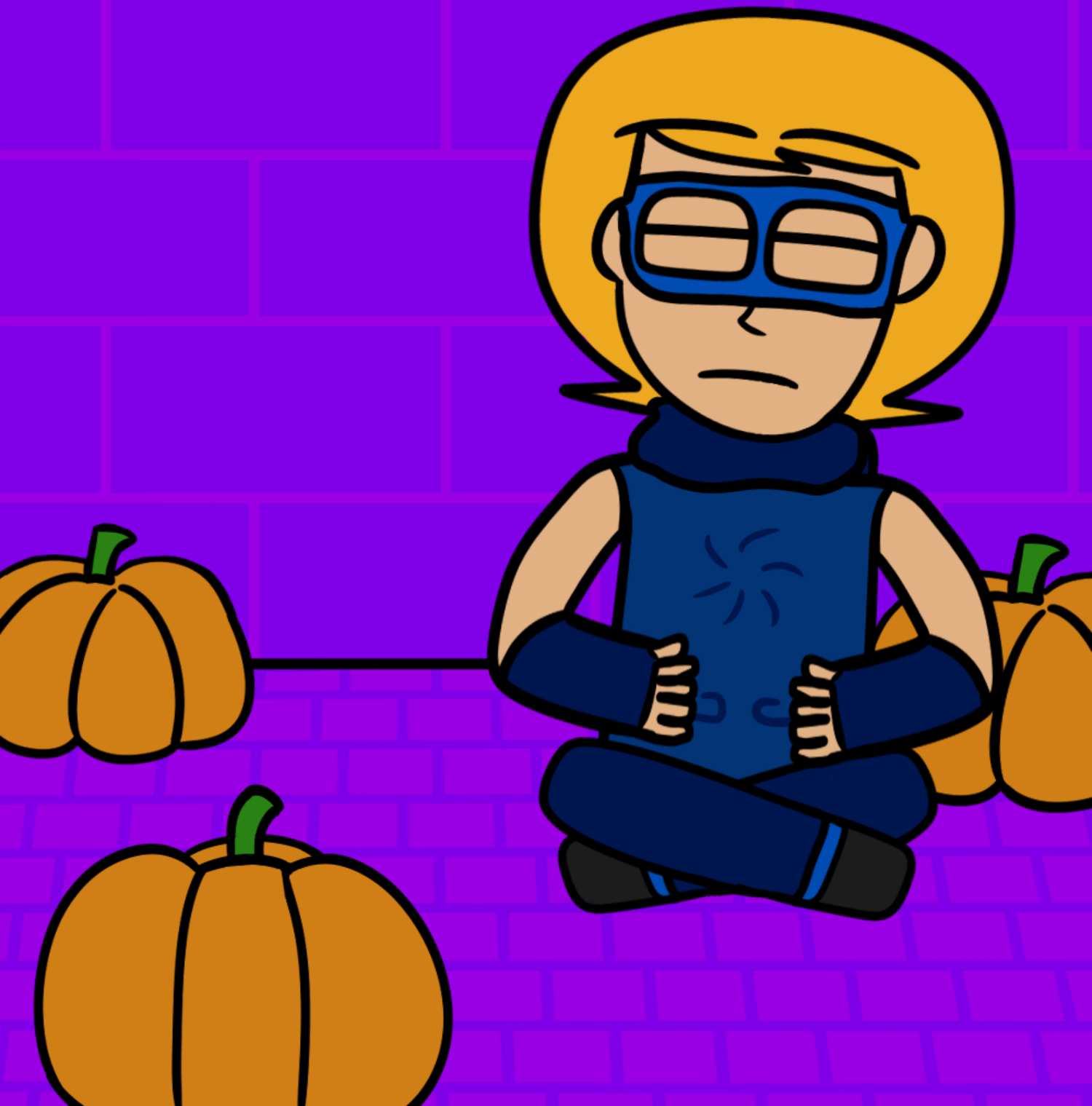
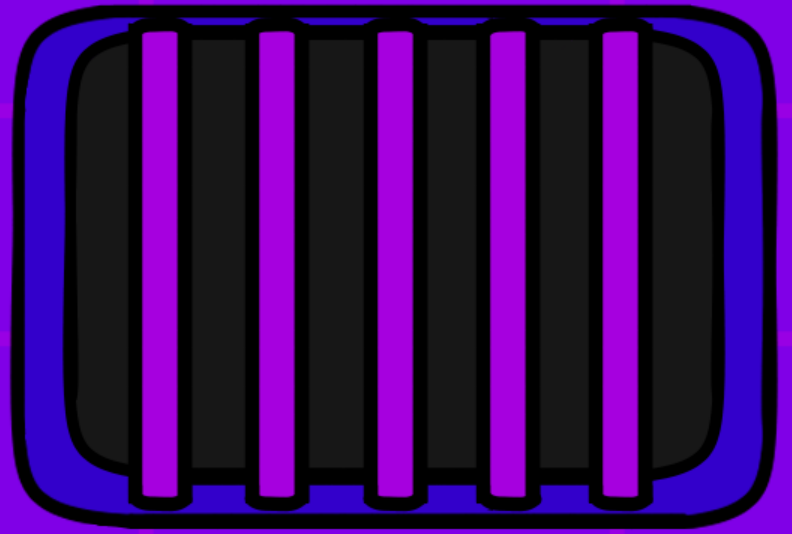




@prince--takumi











WHITE A

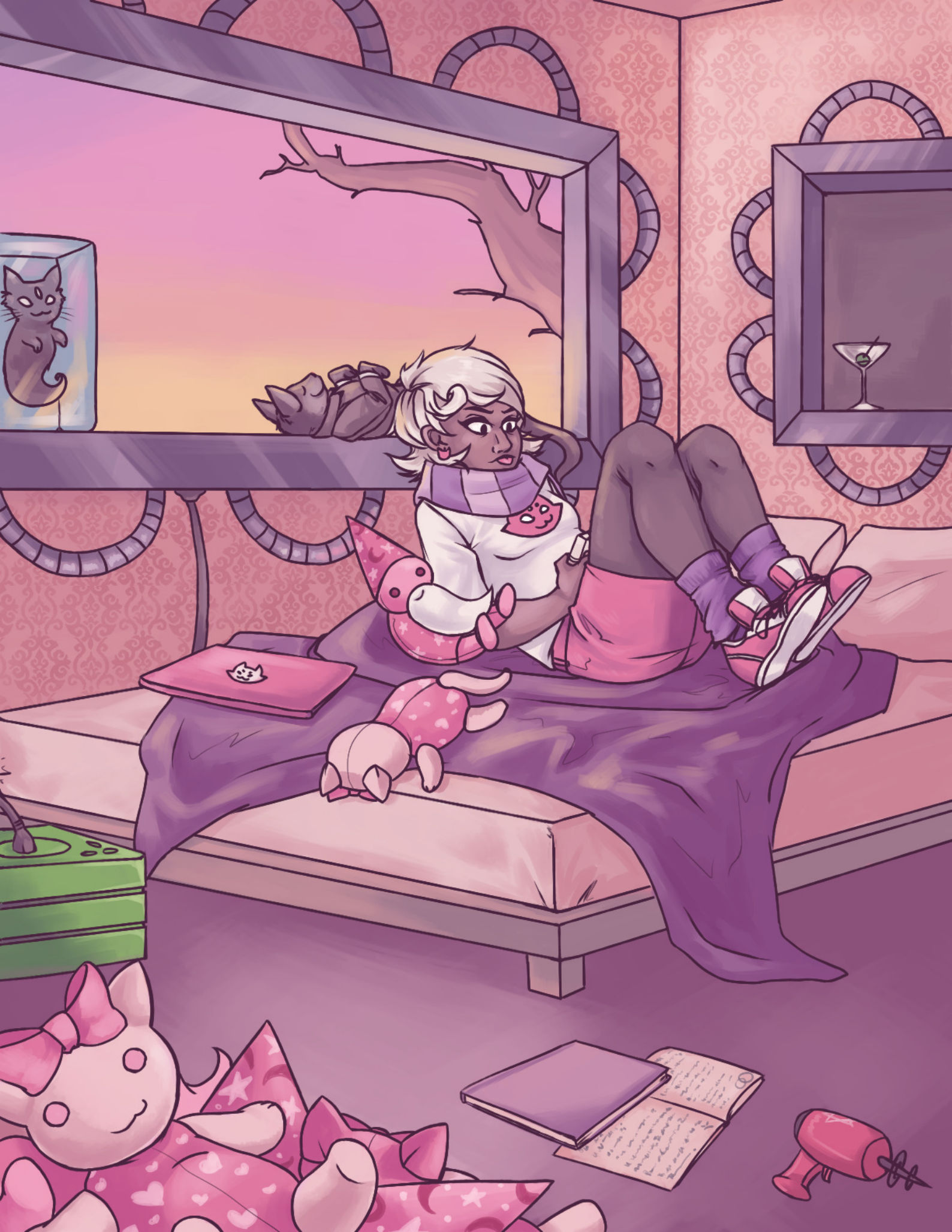


PA 19

Roxy
Lalonde













sketchooDles





SPADES-HEARTS.TUMBLR





sketchooDles





SPADES-HEARTS.TUMBLR







black triangle, red circle
by Jude Lurke
@surrealjock on Tumblr

THIS IS WHAT DEATH is like for these girls: her dreams become part of an old god's motionless body and both hiccup into existence in dark rivers outside of time. She laughs because there are no more games to win, no more futures to fight for. There is a great emptiness inside her filled by her other self's memories - other girls, outer gods.

Here is the primordial void, embryonic with single-celled organisms soaking in their warm absinthe ponds. Here is the eldritch pantheon, clicking their many tongues and thrashing their blue-shadowed limbs in the noble circle. Here are the dead girls, emergent as light-footed sleepwalkers. All the same and yet nothing alike.

Her name is Roxy Lalonde, and her best friend is dead. So is she. She is climbing the last pyramid and trying to forget what went wrong. Below her, the mistakes reverberate like distant thunder. Little girls, dripping from the rainbow oil spill of paradox space, ascend with the thick stench of sulphur and burnt hair. They float past her into the iridescent pyre above, where the helium blimps have caught fire. Their girl-shaped shadows choke her and their pyramids never end. Even though they're just reflections of all her possible choices, she still feels a pang of maternal regret.

She climbs, and climbs, and climbs - she will save everyone and be perfectly untouched. Her mascara will never smudge, her skin will never blemish, and her stockings will never tear.

"Slow down, buster," Jane says from somewhere in the abyss. "You don't have to climb anymore. You can come down now. I'm here to catch you when you fall."

"When?" Roxy finds herself replying to the disembodied voice of her dead best friend. "When, not if?"

Her hand reaches for the next ledge and misses. She moves backward, slowly, and drifts into nothingness. While she's here, she makes herself presentable. She can wear lipstick again, and she gets her hair done. The curls against her cheek hang low like olives on a heavy branch, and she wears an elegant velvet dress with a slit up the side and mink fur around her shoulders - the vision of a classic Hollywood star, from an era long before she lived and died. It's already covered in cat hair.

A light breeze, as if from another girl's memories, comes from nowhere to gently carry her. The room forms out of prismatic light as she waltzes through the atoms. Now she can see Jane, and Roxy twirls into her arms. She has a feeling it's going to be a long night, and she couldn't have anyone better to spend it with.

Jane's hair is combed and parted down the middle precisely, and she takes slow drags from a cigar, smoke curling above her visible peach fuzz mustache and into the air. The white button-up under her navy blazer is crisply tailored, and her black Oxford shoes are polished to a shine.

Chairs appear, and so does a stone fireplace. Brocade curtains come into existence before the windows do. Roxy bats her lashes, and the light dims until only the fireplace casts two dancing shadows over the wooden floors. They sway together to the staccato pulse of horrorterror blood-pushers. The old gods, swollen with childhood hopes and fantasies, undulate outside the limits of the room.

She can smell Jane's cologne and, when she rests her head against Jane's shoulder, her hair pomade. Jane puts her arm around Roxy's waist and both sigh in contentment.

"Can it be like this forever?"

"My dear," Jane says, eyes filled with white eternity, "I believe it will be."

The title is a reference to the butch-femme symbol proposed by Rhon Drinkwater.

Inside the wardrobe, the kittens let out tiny cries from their pink mouths, and their teeth glint under the coat hangers like loose buttons. Their mother pushes her head against Roxy's hand as she gently removes their soiled blanket and replaces it with a fresh one, still warm from the dryer.

She checks the noses and ears of each kitten to make sure they're healthy. With one black paw swiping at her neckline, she reaches into the wardrobe and touches the furthest corner. She moves her hand from one corner to the next, and the wood remains firm under her fingertips.

Her wife approaches her from behind and lays a clawed green hand on her shoulder. Roxy turns to face her, smiling.

Calliope asks, "How's the wardrobe?"

"It still works," Roxy says. "For now."

They coo at the mewling kittens and then let them go back to sleep, snuggling into their blanket. They walk to the veranda together, where their breakfast of hard-boiled eggs, toast, and sausage waits on a tray.

Another cat, blinking threefold, comes up to them and sits between their feet. Tail lashing back and forth, she watches the birds and makes her strange feline noises.

"The closet on the second story doesn't work anymore." Calliope's fork grazes her plate and the cat looks up expectantly. "I opened the door yesterday and it was gone. We didn't have anything important in there, did we?"

"Just some brooms and garter belts, I think. Maybe a couple of old dresses and older shoes."

"Do you remember making tea?"

Roxy holds her cup over the saucer and looks down into it, at the leaves smudged on the bottom like an ashtray. She shakes her head and pours herself more.

“What were you looking for in that closet, anyway?”

Calliope dabs at the corners of her mouth with a napkin. It gets caught in her overbite and she has to tear it.

“I’ve been trying to check every room at least once a day. It’s hard when it changes so much.”

They look towards the forest, where a perfect black circle hovers in one-dimensional darkness above the trees. The birds break formation to circle around it, and the leaves blown into it by the wind never come back down.

Once while fixing the roof shingles, Calliope stood on the highest step of the ladder. As soon as she was eye level with the circle, she couldn’t see it at all. She tilted her head, and she could see it again.

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On a hill - surrounded on the left by a field of small-petaled snowdrops and early spring daffodils, on the right by a forest of pine and witch hazel that slopes down the green horizon - sits a house that two women built to love each other in. It stands tall and slender at three stories, not including the attic. The wraparound porch sings with wind chimes, and several balconies spill like Spanish moss from the northeastern bedrooms.

The back of the property inclines towards the nearby river, and in the colder months, the pale light of the sunrise glimmers on the pink shutters in the front. When the wind blows, the chandeliers swing and cast prismatic colors on the wood floors, and the cut-crystal lamps and art deco sconces flicker in yellow pools against the walls.

They planned every detail themselves, starting from the blueprints and ending with the final pane of stained glass. They ordered hundreds of statues, and every single one of them, from the marble busts on pedestals to the bronze life-sized sculptures, depict a wizard. No muscular Greeks or intertwined lovers - only wizards, with long grey beards and pointy hats, with little stars in their eyes and their robes.

It took more than half a year, from a lemonade-sweet summer into a winter kept warm with apple cider. There were just as many moments where Roxy sat alone, wanting something stronger, as there were moments where Calliope came out of the

chalky smell of prefab dust to comfort her.

This is the smell of our future, Roxy would think in those times. *It's going to be okay*. And she would drink her coffee foaming with milk or tea crackling with ice cubes while her wife rubbed her shoulders. A cat would always jump on her lap, curl up, and fall asleep, like they could sense her doubt.

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And the circle becomes a triangle with angles like a martini glass shattered on the floor. And the triangle becomes a square turning backwards in rooms within rooms within rooms. And the square becomes a house forever and ever.

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The satin sheets and draperies of their oval-shaped bed come in all shades of pink. Roxy, barefoot, tiptoes into the room with a cat behind her like a shadow. She closes the window and shuts the curtains. She tucks the sheets and arranges the pillows. Last week they moved the kittens, but she instinctively turns towards the wardrobe - and finds a staircase.

The cat bounds up the steps and she feels compelled to follow. At the end stands a door that doesn't match the architectural style of the rest of the house. A frayed length of stain, tied with a lime-green ribbon, is wrapped around the knob. When she unlatches the chain and pushes the door slowly open, she finds herself in the kitchen.

Calliope is heating a pot of tea over the stove. The cat runs between her legs and towards Calliope, meowing for food. Light shines through the windows, and outside, she can see clouds, small and round like pond lilies, floating in the great blue sky.

From around the corner comes the *click-clack* of high heels. The cat rushes towards the familiar voice of the approaching woman. The tea starts to scream.

Roxy shuts the door and goes back down the stairs. She falls into bed and pulls the blankets over her. She turns and wraps her arms around her wife, snoring in her deep sleep. Rain falls in a tempo on the roof like footsteps in a dance, laughing and spinning and laughing and spinning endlessly.

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Her friends are coming over for lunch today. They will gaze at the stars and count each one as it blinks out. Her wife will be besides her, in the one-dimensional darkness. There won't be any light, but she'll never be alone.







Roxetta the Witch versus The Evil Queen

TheMissluluB

The Alpha House was a peaceful refuge from the hustle and bustle of the other areas post-game. The alpha group themselves were a quiet sort anyway - even Roxy, for that matter. Her personality may be big, loud, and happy, her aspect calls for quiet and solitude. Even though she doesn't like the quiet too much - reminding her a little too much about her existence pre-game - even she needs to take a break from extreme socialising occasionally. Even a small one.

So, when she's not socialising in person, she's socialising online or doing something she's slightly embarrassed to talk about.

That something is writing Self-Insert Wizard Fanfiction.

She'd say she was pretty good at this if she's honest. In fact, it is exactly what she's doing right now!

The evil witch Constance cackled her slimy, cocky cackle. "You really think you, a young witch in training, can defeat me? I'm older than you, wiser than you, and better than you. You don't know what you're dealing with, young child."

“You’re wrong!” Roxetta cried, preparing her battle stance. “You only think you’re better because no one has come against you yet!”

“No one has the balls, cupcake! Now go be a good little witch and DIE! **Apportens mortis !**”

“Fuck!” Roxetta yelled, jumping out of the way, “That was a dirty move, witch.”

“There’s more where that came from, too!”

“Fuck that! You killed my friends, you’re not getting off the hook that easily! **Petrificus !!**”

Constance dodged the petrifying curse, sidestepping away from the point of attack. Unfortunately, she put herself into a corner, and Roxetta was going to take full advantage of that.

“You really think you’ve got the upper hand, Roxetta? What’s killing me going to do, hun? Your friends will still be dead whether or you kill me, you know.”

Roxetta took a deep breath, before looking directly into Constance’s eyes. “Maybe so, but once you’re dead a lot more people will be safe. They’ll be one less bitch of a witch in the world who gives all us good wizards a bad name!” She raised her wand, and smirked, “It’s time to meet your maker Constance, before you rot in hell where you belong! **MORTIFER !**”

Constance screamed out in pain, “You’ll pay for this, Roxetta!”

Roxetta didn’t flinch, nor did she laugh. She looked at her with a disappointed and perfectly straight face. “No. You’ll pay.”

“Hey Rox!”

“Oh, snap!” Roxy jumped from the sudden interruption. She saved her work and shut the lid of her laptop. “I’m in my room, what’s up?”

“Jane’s almost finished with the dinner, so I wanted to make sure you weren’t busy when she calls up. Besides, sometimes you get so engrossed in what you’re doing you end up forgetting to eat. We can’t have that, can we?” Dirk replied, before knocking the door of the room, “So, you ready or what?”

Roxy got up from where she was sitting - the floor - and opened up the door. “Yep! Cheers for checkin’ on me, Dirky.”

“Heh. It’s no problem, Rolal.”

Actions





1-UP+

413 Exp.

Tyedoring



@Vaccinicropon









THANKS FOR PLAYING!

